

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XVI.

FEBRUARY 1877.

VOL. II.

DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

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I.

In the following papers will be considered the remote and immediate causes which led to the recent destitution,* the remedies necessary for the same, both as to the immediate relief of the distressed and the ultimate means to be pursued to prevent (under Providence) the occurrence of similar destitution, by rendering the circumstances of the people more secure and independent, and by raising them in the scale of useful and salutary improvement:—

A thorough knowledge of Highland manners and character is essentially necessary to form a proper estimate as to the circumstances and condition of the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. It is not enough to have a knowledge of their present state, but the different changes which have taken place from time to time in their condition as a people, must be traced back to remote periods. Various causes have combined to render the Highlanders of the present day as if a race entirely different from that of their forefathers. Some centuries ago, when feudal law reigned with absolute sway in every Highland district, agriculture, even of the rudest description, was but little attended to or looked after. The young and hardy men, from the days of boyhood upwards, were destined for employments entirely different, and such as were more suited to their warlike temperament of mind—to the principles in which they were daily instructed, and to the usages of the periods in which they lived.

* The history of the manuscript of these papers is so peculiar that it may interest the reader to know something of it. The late Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D., Physician to His late Majesty, William IV., felt a deep interest in the calamitous destitution which overtook the Highlands in 1836-7, and he got into correspondence with the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., who was at the time a clergyman in the Parish of Kilmuir, in Skye, and who was an eye witness to the very distressing state of things which at that time prevailed in the place, as well as over the whole Highlands and Islands of Scotland. At the request of Sir Andrew, Mr Macgregor prepared a report, which he forwarded to him in London. Nothing more was heard of the MSS., until in 1849, the author was at a dinner party in Edinburgh, when the conversation turned on the subject of Highland destitution. The Hebridean clergyman naturally became interested, and joined in the conversation, when a gentleman at the other end of the table, exclaimed that he must be the writer of a manuscript on the subject he had in his possession, that he had it at his office, and that if Mr M. called for it, he would give it to him. This was done, when the author discovered it to be the identical MS. sent to Sir Andrew Halliday several years before. On Sir Andrew's death, some of his books and papers, among which was this

It was then that the Highland chieftains, like petty kings over their respective domains, had each a stated number of followers or retainers, according to their power, as well as to the extent of their possessions. These possessions were not valued, as now, according to the amount of rents raised from them, but according to the number of men upon them able to carry arms, and willing to fight for their feudal lord in his combats with some neighbouring chief. Depending more on the chase, and on spoils from their enemies for subsistence, than on agriculture, the "crànn-tàraidh," or "gathering-beam," commanded more attention than the plough. That such should be the case will not appear so surprising when it is considered that all who slighted the call of this mute messenger of death were either irretrievably disgraced or put mercilessly to the sword.

In those rebellious times, however, the Highlands were not so densely peopled as at the present day. The population were more dispersed over the face of the country, and in reality less numerous. Even should a time have been when the Highland families would equal in number those of latter times, it is rational to suppose that the dangers, hardships, and conflicts to which the Highland youth were then exposed, would have a direct tendency to decrease the population, or at least would prove an effectual check to its increase. The feuds and conflicts among the clans were not confined to any particular county or district, neither did they take place at the same period of time. On the contrary, every Highland territory suffered in its turn, for a revolution of centuries, from the ravages of intestine broils and deadly skirmishes. So severe were the contests between the Clan Chattan and the Mackays in the north of Scotland, in the reign of Robert III., that that monarch deemed it proper to send the Earls of Crawford and Murray to effect a reconciliation between them. For this purpose the said noblemen, after due deliberation, deemed it advisable to have recourse to policy; and by appointing an equal number of men on each side, to fight as champions for their respective clans, the victorious party were to be honoured with royal favour, while the vanquished party were to receive free pardon for all their former offences. Reconciliation was thus effected between these bold and barbarous clans, on the North Inch of Perth, in the year 1396. In the same manner bloody feuds were carried on, with varied success, between the Clan-Donuill and the Macleans, the Clan-Donuill and the Macleods, Lord Kintail and Glengarry, Raasay and Gairloch, Sutherland and Caithness, the Siol-Torquil, or the Macleods of Lewis, and various enemies on the mainland of Scotland.

Under such a state of affairs there was neither leisure nor desire to

report, were exposed for sale in London. It fell into the hands of some party there who, no doubt, felt little interest in it. He gave it to another, through whom it found its way to the Edinburgh friend, who so generously presented it to the author. Mr Macgregor afterwards gave it to Mr Blake, an English gentleman, who had shootings in the Highlands, and who took a great interest in collecting Highland MSS. and other curiosities. Mr Blake died a few years ago, leaving instructions that all his Highland papers should be given to the Rev. Mr Macgregor, and, curious enough, last spring this MS., accompanied by his original MS. of the New Statistical Account of the Parish of Kilmuir, was delivered by post at the rev. gentleman's house in Inverness, and we have now much pleasure in laying its contents before the reader. It is the most beautifully written MS. we have ever seen, and, apart from its valuable contents and peculiar history, it is well worthy of preservation as a specimen of Hebridean calligraphy.—[Ed. C. M.]

effect any such changes as would ameliorate the condition of the people in their domestic comforts. Lands were little valued by their owners, in a pecuniary point of view; and the proprietors frequently awarded large shares of their possessions, during life, to their "Seanachies"—bards, pipers, and to such of their retainers as distinguished themselves by acts of bravery or military prowess.

Such was the state of affairs, in a more or less degree, until the close of the rebellion in 1745-46. While the last ray of hope in favour of the House of Stuart had vanished, and while the House of Hanover had come to wield with undisputed right the British sceptre, things assumed a more gentle aspect. Feudalism vanished by degrees, under the influence of Protestant laws judicially enforced, and the wild spirit of the Highlanders was softened down to that pitch of tranquillity which enabled them to live on peaceable and easy terms with their neighbours and with each other. Their minds were no longer distracted with wars and deadly feuds with their surrounding clansmen. These were happily forgotten, except when rehearsed in their tales, and chanted in their ancient Gaelic songs.

The Highlanders (though not now exposed to the dangers of civil commotions around them, and though no longer called out by their liege-lord to plunder the effects, and to destroy the retainers, of some contiguous enemy) were still possessed of much valour in military affairs, and displayed courage which was surpassed by no race of men whatever. It therefore fell to the lot of many to enlist in the Highland regiments, and of this brave people these regiments were at one time exclusively made up. Better soldiers never faced an enemy; and, as Dr Macleod so justly said, in his eloquent address at the Mansion House, "These are the men who in every field, and in every clime, had covered themselves with glory." The numbers who were thus engaged in fighting their country's battles bore but a small proportion to the numbers of those at home, who had now to depend on industry and labour for their maintenance. But still the aggregate of the population was very small, when compared with that of the present day. This may be illustrated by the parish of Kilmuir, in Skye. In this parish stand the magnificent ruins of Duntulm Castle, a strong Danish fort, which the noble Clan-Donuill made choice of as their residence, and enlarged for that purpose. And the fact that the Clan-Donuill were powerful chieftains, who always maintained their dignity and reputation as renowned warriors, is a sufficient proof that their retainers would, if possible, be as numerous, to say the least of it, as those of any other feudal lord. But the population of Kilmuir was, in the year 1736, only 1230 souls. Nineteen years afterwards it amounted to 1572 souls. In 1791 it amounted to 2068. In 1831 it was 3415 souls, and now* [1840] it amounts to about 4000, though, at various periods within the last sixty years, considerable numbers emigrated to America.

* In 1851 it was 3177; in 1851, 2846; and in 1871, 2500. For the last thirty years the real population of this parish is materially affected by the season of the year when the census is taken. The dead of winter is the only time when the natives are at home. At other periods of the year, when the census is taken, hundreds are absent from home at all kinds of public works. In that case no correct estimate of the population of an individual parish such as Kilmuir can be ascertained.

The increase in this parish for the last century is, therefore, nearly four-fold; and a tolerably correct idea of the increase of the population in the Highlands in general may be formed from the facts now stated in reference to Kilmuir.

There is reason to suppose that, during the time which intervened between the period when the Highlanders mainly depended for subsistence on the bounty of their liege-lords, and the period when they had, for that purpose, to engage in public works of industry, their circumstances and modes of living must have been of the most ordinary description. They had not been trained in general to those public sources of employment which afterwards turned out so lucrative, and which justly engaged their sole attention—such as the rearing and management of black cattle for the southern markets, the manufacturing of kelp, the fishing and curing of herring, &c.

Such ordinary modes of living were not at this time peculiar to the Highlanders, but were prevalent also among the great bulk of the population in the south-west counties of Scotland, even as late as the middle of last century. "To those," says a late historian of Scotland, "who are not old enough to remember having seen the last remains of it in operation, no description can give anything like an adequate idea of the wretched economy that was at this time prevalent." Even the plough made use of in those times in the said localities was of the ancient Scottish make, having four horses yoked in it, which were led by a man walking backwards. The horses, which were small and shaggy, were accutred in the most antique manner, having collars made of bull-rushes, to which was attached a rude harness, made of hair clipped from horses' manes and cows' tails. When the implements of husbandry were so primitive in kind, it is natural to think that all the other comforts of the people corresponded with them. Their dwellings were miserable huts, through every part of which the rain had free access, washing away the soot which had feathered on the beams and rafters, and causing it to drop like showers of printing ink upon the culinary utensils underneath, as well as upon everything else which lay in the way. Yet, under this rude system the people are said to have lived contentedly, little desirous of a change, as they knew nothing of its comforts. In the eastern counties of the Lowlands of Scotland agriculture had, even at this time, been brought to some degree of perfection. The spirit of improvement soon found its way into the West, and remarkable changes were speedily effected in the habits of the people and in their modes of operation. Spinning mills were erected in various quarters by wealthy companies, whereby cotton was manufactured into the various fabrics in which it is seen at the present day. Weaving, sewing, tambouring, dyeing, and printing, were each lucrative and extensive sources of employment, which gave an impetus to a variety of arts necessarily connected with them. Work was thus procured for men, women, and children, and a spirit of emulation, together with a taste for improvement, found their way into every hamlet. The lowly farm-steading gave place to the stately mansion, surrounded with its group of offices, alike for comfort and convenience. And while commerce thus flourished, agriculture kept regular pace with it. "Hedging, ditching, planting, and improving," says Struthers, the author already alluded to,

"called forth energies of which no one knew he was in possession, till, in the person of his neighbour, he beheld them in full operation. The beautiful hedge-rows, the thriving clumps, and the convenient enclosures of one proprietor, excited the taste and awakened the emulation of another, till hands could with difficulty be found to execute, or a sufficiency of materials to complete the improvements that were in progress; while each, astonished at the beauty and fertility that so suddenly began to grow around him, was anxious to engage in new, and still more extensive, experiments."

While the Lowland districts alluded to thus emerged from a comparative state of sluggishness and inactivity, the poor Highlanders had various insuperable obstacles to contend with in their progress to improvement, granting even that they had been inspired with a taste for such processes of civilization and domestic economy as they stood so much in need of. They were a distinct and separate people, who associated but little with their more highly favoured countrymen around them, and who could have but little or no traffic, by way of commerce, with distant parts of the world. Their language differed from that of the rest of the nation. They had neither roads, nor canals, nor commercial cities to facilitate, or even in the remotest degree to encourage, the march of civilization among them. Though no people could be more brave and heroic, none more loyal to their king and country, none more honest, upright, and hospitable, yet their inherent and native virtues, though pleasing and praiseworthy in themselves, were insufficient to raise them in the scale of useful knowledge and practical improvement. To effect this some external impulse behoved to be made to bear upon them, and many barriers would require to be wholly removed.

After the lapse of some time, when the clamour of arms had ceased, and the din of war subsided—when the Highlanders were permitted to enjoy a share of that domestic repose which had been for centuries denied them—they were naturally impelled to have recourse to such resources as was within their reach, for the purpose of bettering their condition, as well as for permanent means of livelihood. The inhabitants of the Hebrides, and of certain parts of the western coasts of the Scottish Highlands, engaged themselves in the manufacturing of kelp, as well as in the catching and curing of herring, and other fish; while the natives of the Highlands and Islands in general were more or less in the habit of rearing black cattle for the English markets. The fall in the price of kelp, or rather the ceasing of kelp manufacture, in consequence of the reduced duties on salt and barilla, proved a most severe stroke to thousands and tens of thousands, who profited extensively by the manufacturing of that commodity; and this may be justly looked upon as one of the principal remote causes which led to the late destitution.

In most parts where kelp was made, every farm had the sea-ware of that portion of the shore opposite to itself, for the purpose of converting it to kelp. The tenants thus manufactured it, and when ready for the market, it was purchased by the proprietor at a rate which considerably exceeded the rent of the farm. Thus the landlords had the comfort of regularly paid rents, and the tenants had the same. About the year 1803

both kelp and cattle fetched prices unprecedentedly high. Landlords naturally supposed that the state of their tenantry could bear an increase of rent, which, having in most cases been lade, they took the kelp into their own hands, and allowed their tenants a certain sum of money, per ton, for manufacturing it. There are places, however, where this did not take place, and though of little or no value, many farms have the kelp attached to them to this day. Such hamlets as were not contiguous to the sea-shore, and could derive no direct benefit from kelp, were let at rents proportionally low. An idea may be formed of the immense profits which arose from the making of this commodity, to both landlord and tenant, when it is considered that at one time every ton brought a price of £16 sterling, and upwards. It then fell by degrees to £12, £8, £6, and £4 per ton! In place of the high remuneration at one time derived by the tenants for their labour in kelp-making, they were ultimately paid with even as low as two guineas for making each ton!

While the decline in kelp manufacture thus proved an incalculable loss to both proprietor and tenant, the fall in the price of black cattle for a series of years back aided vastly the progress of the approaching calamity. Napoleon Bonaparte, whose ambitious and bloody career disturbed the peace of Europe for such a length of time, may justly be considered as another principal remote cause which led to the late destitution.

In course of the late expensive and protracted wars, black cattle of every description quickly rose in value. High prices were asked, and readily obtained—prices which considerably exceeded the intrinsic value of the commodity exposed for sale. It may be said of kelp that the benefits derived from it were naturally confined to the localities in which it was manufactured. Such was undoubtedly the case; but the same thing held true with regard to black cattle, with this advantage, that they were a general staple commodity, reared to a more or less extent in every quarter. Now that the prices have fallen, the disadvantage is equally general, and the causes of complaint equally loud, in every Highland county and parish. Cattle having thus speedily risen in value, by an impulse which could neither be durable nor certain, and all kinds of traffic being at the same time brisk, a higher value was set upon the lands, and as a consequence they were held by the tenant at a higher rate from the landlord than was formerly done. Through time, the different sources by means of which the tenant, through his industry, benefited himself, almost entirely failed. As a matter of course, he experienced much difficulty in maintaining himself and family on the scanty produce of some acres of ground, accustomed as he has been to accumulate profits from the sale of cattle, kelp, and fish. The evils which arise from the depression in value of such Highland commodities as have been alluded to, have found their way from the toiling tenant to his indulgent landlord. The connection which subsists between landlord and tenant is distinct and immediate. The prosperity of the one immediately affects the other, and they live in mutual dependence. In consequence of the failure in kelp alone, some proprietors have been deprived of one half of their wonted incomes, and some of even two-thirds—and thus they suffer alike with their tenants, from the causes already mentioned.

Another principal remote cause which led to the late destitution, and which contributed largely to the poverty of the islanders in particular, is the failure of the herring fisheries.

While kelp and cattle sold at the advanced prices already stated, herring abounded in immense shoals in the numerous lochs, bays, and creeks which intersect, in every part, the western isles and coasts of Scotland. These were caught with little trouble, and at comparatively small expense, by the natives; and after furnishing themselves with large supplies for their own consumption, they disposed of the rest to numberless crafts and small vessels which resorted in large fleets, from the south, to every convenient bay and anchorage around the rocky coasts of the West Highlands. This resource, like the rest, has almost entirely failed, as the quantity of that excellent fish which is now caught is so exceedingly small, that it bears hardly any proportion to the thousands of barrels cured of it at a time when the circumstances of the people would enable them to dispense with it much easier than now. It would appear that the natural history of this prolific fish is very little known, for such as have been for years engaged in catching it, seem as ignorant of its motions and migrations as those who never attempted to ascertain them. Many fruitless investigations have been made on this subject, and the probability is that it will ever remain a problem to be satisfactorily solved. It has been observed that since the fisheries became so productive on the north-east coast of Scotland, the herring has almost entirely deserted the west. It is thought, however, that this desertion consists more in the manner of the visits than in the non-appearance of this capricious fish. That it does not frequent the lochs and indentations which it at one time made a resting-place, is quite certain; but it is equally certain that it annually passes by, both in the deep sea and in the open channels, where it might be caught in large quantities by the natives, were they possessed of skill and means for such an undertaking. Some people attempt to account for its deserting the localities which it formerly visited, by its being scared away by the numbers of steam-packets which now ply from port to port on the west coast, whose paddles cause unusual commotion in the streams and currents. This argument, however, for its non-appearance seems to have but little weight.

In consequence of the failure in the means of livelihood just enumerated, the poor Highlanders were more than ever under the necessity of having recourse to various shifts and expedients to enable them to earn a scanty subsistence, and to pay the rent of such portions of land as were occupied by them. As little or nothing could be done at home to get this desirable end accomplished, the able-bodied men resorted in great numbers to the south, and to such other places as could afford them labour, while the women went annually to the Lothians, and even to the northern counties of England, to procure employment at harvest-work. In so doing, they underwent almost incredible hardships in their wanderings, while at times they had, after coming home, but a few shillings for their trouble. And this is not all; they frequently carried back with them a variety of disorders, such as measles, small-pox, fever, and other diseases, and thus conveyed the infection to their friends, and rendered such

disorders very destructive in the country. It frequently happens that some of them die while in those remote localities, and the consequence is that an immediate demand is made upon their native parish to defray their funeral and other expenses, and from the poverty of those parishes it becomes at times a serious matter to meet such demands.

When that great national work, the Caledonian Canal, commenced in 1803, it afforded lucrative employment for many hundreds from Skye and the Long Island. Even from Skye alone, between three and four hundred labourers went annually to that great undertaking, at which they earned individually from £10 to £15 sterling in the half year. While this work lasted, considerable sums of money were brought annually into the island, which proved of vast advantage to the community. About this time also vast numbers found employment at the making of public roads in Glengarry, Kintail, Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and other Highland glens. In the year 1807 the making of roads commenced in Skye, which for years afforded convenient work for many.

To add to the many disadvantages of the poor islanders in particular, public labour is now hardly to be found anywhere, even at a reduced rate of pay, and although hundreds of both sexes migrate yearly to other countries, in quest of such work as they may fall in with, they return to their homes, at the end of the season, much broken down in spirit and constitution, with small pittances, which can go but little way to meet the several demands made upon those who so distressingly earned them.

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

HERE is another version of Fairburn Tower Prophecies:—"There was a tradition in the district to the effect that the lands of Fairburn should pass out of the hands of the Mackenzies, and that 'the sow should litter in the lady's chamber.' The old tower became a ruin. In 1827 Professor Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchison, while travelling in the Highlands, turned aside to see the ruined tower. 'The Professor and I,' says Murchison, 'were groping our way up the broken stone staircase, when we were almost knocked over by a rush of two or three pigs that had been nestling upstairs in the very room in which my mother was born.'"—*Geikie's Memoir of Sir R. Murchison.*

Mr MacIennan supplies us also with the following:—"In the parish of Avoch is a well of beautiful clear water, out of which the Brahan Seer, upon one occasion, took a refreshing draught. So pleased was he with the water, that he looked at the Blue Stone, and said—'Whoever he be that drinketh of thy water henceforth, if suffering from any disease, shall, by placing two pieces of straw or wood on thy surface, ascertain whether he will recover or not. If he is to recover, the straws will *whirl* round in opposite directions, and if he is to die soon, they will remain stationary.' The writer (continues Mr MacIennan) has known people who went to the well and made the experiment. He was himself once unwell, and supposed to be at the point of death; he got of the water of the well, and he still lives. Whether it did him good or not, it is impossible to say, but this he does know, that the water pleased him uncommonly well."

With reference to Lady Hill, in the same parish, the Seer said: "Thy name has gone far and wide; but though thy owners were brave on the field of battle, they never decked thy brow. The day will come, however, when a white collar shall be put upon thee. The child that is unborn will see it, but I shall not." This *faidheadaireachd* has been fulfilled a few years ago, by the construction of a fine drive right round the hill.

The Seer said, speaking of Beaulieu:—"The day will come, however distant, when *Cnoc na Rath* will be in the centre of the village." It certainly would appear incredible, and even absurd, to suggest such a thing in *Coinneach's* day, for the "village" then stood at a place south of the present railway station, called, in Gaelic, *Bealaidh-Achadh*, or the Broomfield, quite a mile from *Cnoc na Rath*. The prophecy has to some extent been fulfilled, for the last erection at Beaulieu—the new public school—is within a few yards of the *Cnoc*; and the increasing enterprise of the inhabitants is rapidly aiding, and, indeed, will soon secure, the absolute realization of the Seer's prediction. In connection with this prophecy we think that we have discovered a *Celtic* origin for the term Beaulieu. It is generally supposed to be derived from the French word *Beaulieu*—upon what reasonable ground we never knew. The village being originally at *Bealaidh-Achadh*, and so called when the present Beaulieu was nowhere, what is more natural than the supposition that the inhabitants have carried the original name of their original village along with them, and now present us with the Gaelic *Bealaidh*, anglicised into *Beaulieu*. This is not such a *fine* theory as the French one, but it is more likely to be the true one, and is more satisfactory to the student of Gaelic topography.

Here is an unfulfilled prediction—"A severe battle will be fought at the (present) Ardelve market stance, in Lochalsh, when the slaughter will be so great that people can cross the ferry over dead men's bodies. The battle will be finally decided by a powerful man, and his five sons, who will come across from the Strath (the Achamore district)."

Another is—"When a holly bush (or tree) will grow out of the face of the rock at *Torr a Chuilinn* (Kintail) to a size sufficiently large to make a shaft for a *carn-slaoid* (sledge-cart), a battle will be fought in the locality."

We have several versions of the prophecy regarding the carrying away

of the Stone Bridge across the River Ness, which stood near the place where the present Suspension Bridge stands. Mr Macintyre sends the following, and Mr Maclellan's version is very much the same:—"He foretold that the Ness bridge would be swept away by a great flood, while crowded with people, and while a man riding a white horse and a woman *enciente* were crossing it. Either the prophet's *second sight* failed him on the occasion, or tradition has not preserved the correct version of this prediction, for it is well known that no human being was carried away by the bridge when it was swept away by the extraordinary flood of 1849." As a matter of fact, there was no man riding a white horse on the bridge at the time, but a man—Matthew Campbell—going for a midwife, and a woman were crossing it, the arches tumbling one by one at their heels as they flew across; but they managed to reach the western shore in safety, just as the last arch was crumbling under their feet, Campbell, who was behind, coming up to the woman, caught her in his arms, and with a desperate bound cleared the crumbling structure.

Coinneach also foretold that before the latter prediction was fulfilled "people would be picking gooseberries from a bush growing on the stone ledge of one of the arches." Many now living remember this gooseberry bush, and have seen it in bloom and blossom, with the appearance of fruit upon it. It grew on the south side, on the third or fourth pier, and near the iron grating which supplied a dismal light to the dungeon which in those days was the Inverness prison. Maclean, a "Nonagenarian," writing forty years ago, says nothing of the bush, but, while writing of the predicted fall of the bridge, states, with regard to it, that "an old tradition or prophecy is, that many lives will be lost at its fall, and that this will take place when there are seven females on the bridge in a state poetically described as that, 'in which ladies wish to be who love their lords.'" This was written, as will be seen by comparing dates, several years before the bridge was carried away, showing unmistakably that the prophecy was not concocted after the event.

"The natural arch, or 'Clach tholl,' near Storehead, in Assynt, will fall with a crash so loud as to cause the laird of Leadmore's cattle, twenty miles away, to break their tethers." This was fulfilled in 1841, Leadmore's cattle having one day strayed from home to within a few hundred yards of the arch, when it fell with such a crash as to send them home in a frantic fright, tearing everything before them.

Hugh Miller refers to this prediction, and to several others, in the work already alluded to—"Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," pp. 161, 162, 163.

About 16 years ago there lived in the village of *Baile Mhuilinn* in the West of Sutherlandshire an old woman of about 95 years of age, known as *Baraball n'ic Coinnich* (Annabella Mackenzie). From her position, history, and various personal peculiarities, it was universally believed in the district that she was no other than the *Baraball n'ic Coinnich* of whom the Brahan Seer predicted that she would die of the measles. She had, however, arrived at such an advanced age, without any appearance or likelihood of her ever having that disease, that the prophet was rapidly losing credit in the district. About this time the measles had just gone the

round of the place, and had made considerable havoc among old and young; but when the district was, so to speak, convalescent, the measles paid *Baraball* a visit, and actually carried her away, when within a few years of five score, leaving no doubt whatever in the minds of the people that she had died as foretold centuries before by the famous *Coinneach Odhar*.

"That the day will come when fire and water will run in streams through all the streets and lanes of Inverness" was a prediction, the fulfilment of which was quite incomprehensible until the introduction of gas and water through pipes into every corner of the town.

"The day will come when long strings of carriages without horses will run between Dingwall and Inverness, and more wonderful still, between Dingwall and the Island of Skye." It is hardly necessary to point out that this refers to the railway carriages now running in those districts.

"That a bald black girl will be born at the back of the Church of Gairloch" (*Beirear nighean mhaol dubh air cul Eaglais Ghearrloch*), has been fulfilled. During one of the usual large gatherings at the Sacramental Communion a well-known young woman was taken in labour, and before she could be removed she gave birth to the *nighean mhaol dubh*, whose descendants are well known and pointed out in the district to this day, as the fulfilment of *Coinneach's* prophecy.

"That a white cow will give birth to a calf in the garden behind Gairloch House," has taken place within the memory of people still living; "that a black hornless cow (*Bo mhaol dubh*) will give birth, in Flowerdale, to a calf with two heads," happened within our own recollection. These predictions were well known to people still living before they came to pass.

The following are evidently fragments regarding the Lovat Estates, he said:—

Thig fear tagair bho dheas,
Mar eun bho phreas,
Fasaidh e mar luibh,
'S agaoilidh e mar shiol,
'S cuiridh e teine ri Ardros.

(A Claimant will come from the South
Like a bird from a bush;
He will grow like an herb;
He will spread like seed,
And set fire to Ardross.)*

"*Mac Shimidh ball-dubh, a dh'fhagus an oighreachd gun an t-oighre dligheach.*" (*Mac Shimidh* (Lovat), the black-spotted, who will leave the Estate without the rightful heir).

"*An Sisealach claoon ruadh, a dh'fhagus an oighreachd gun an t-oighre dligheach.*" (*Chisholm*, the squint-eyed, who will leave the Estate without the rightful heir.) "*An tighearna storach a dh'fhagus oighreachd Ghearrloch gun an t-oighre dligheach.*" (The buck-toothed laird who will leave the Estate of Gairloch without the rightful heir), are also fragments.

We do not know whether there has been any Lovats or Chisholms

* A place of that name above Beaully.

with these peculiar personal characteristics mentioned by the Seer, and we shall be glad to receive information on the point, as well as a fuller and more particular version of the prophecy. We are aware however that Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch was buck-toothed, and that he was always (by the old people) called—"An tighearna Storach." We have heard old people maintaining that *Coinneach* was correct even in this instance, and that his prediction has been actually fulfilled; but we abstain at present from going into that part of the family history which would throw light on the subject.

Before proceeding to give such of the prophecies regarding the family of Seaforth as have been so literally fulfilled in the later annals of that once great and powerful house, the history of the family being so intimately interwoven with, and being itself really the fulfilment of, the Seer's predictions, it may interest the reader to have a cursory glance at it from the earliest period in which the family appear in history.

The most popularly received theory regarding the Mackenzies is that they are descended from an Irishman of the name of Colinas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare or Desmond, who distinguished himself by his bravery at the battle of Largs, in 1263. It is said that his courage and valour were so singularly distinguished that King Alexander the Third took him under his special protection, and granted him a charter of the lands of Kintail, in Wester Ross, bearing date from Kincardine, January the 9th, 1263.

According to the fragmentary "Record of Icolmkill," upon which the claim of the Irish origin of the clan is founded, a personage described as "*Peregrinus et Hibernus nobilis ex familia Geraldinorum*"—that is "a noble stranger and Hibernian, of the family of the Geraldines"—being driven from Ireland with a considerable number of his followers was, about 1261, very graciously received by the King, and afterwards remained at his court. Having given powerful aid to the Scots at the Battle of Largs, two years afterwards, he was rewarded by a grant of the lands of Kintail, which were erected into a free barony by royal charter, dated as above mentioned. Mr Skene, however, says that no such document as this Icolmkill Fragment was ever known to exist, as nobody has ever seen it; and as for Alexander's charter, he declares (*Highlanders*, vol. ii., p. 235) that it "bears the most palpable marks of having been a forgery of a later date, and one by no means happy in the execution." Besides, the words "*Colino Hiberno*" contained in it do not prove this Colin to have been an Irishman, as *Hiberni* was at that period a common appellation for the Gael of Scotland. Burke, in his "*Peerage*," has adopted the Irish origin of the clan, and the chiefs themselves seem to have adopted this theory, without having made any particular inquiry as to whether it was well founded or not. Our chiefs were thus not exempt from the almost universal, but most unpatriotic, fondness exhibited by many other Highland chiefs for a foreign origin. In examining the traditions of our country, we are forcibly struck with this peculiarity of taste. *Highlanders* despising a Caledonian source trace their ancestors from Ireland, Norway, Sweden, or Normandy. The progenitors of the Mackenzies can be traced with greater certainty, and with

no less claim to antiquity, from a native ancestor, Gillean (Cailean) Og, or Colin the Younger, a son of *Cailean na h'Airde*, ancestor of the Earls of Ross; and, from the MS. of 1450, their Gaelic descent may now be considered established beyond dispute.

Until the forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles, the Mackenzies always held their lands from the Earls of Ross, and followed their banner to the field of battle, but after the forfeiture of that great and powerful earldom, the Mackenzies rapidly rose on the ruins of the Macdonalds to the great power, extent of territorial possession, and almost regal magnificence for which they were afterwards distinguished among the other great clans of the north. They, in the reign of James the First, acquired a very powerful influence in the Highlands, and became independent of any superior but the Crown, for in the beginning of the fifteenth century Kenneth Mòr, High Chief of Kintail, when arrested in 1427, with his son-in-law, Angus of Moray, and MacMhathain (Matheson), by James the First, during his parliament at Inverness, was ranked as the leader of two thousand armed men. Mackenzie and his followers were, in fact, about the most potent chief and clan in the whole Highlands.

Colin of Kintail married a daughter of Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland. Colin died in 1278, and was succeeded by a son, Kenneth, who in his turn was in 1304 succeeded by his son, also named Kenneth, hence the name, the latter being called *Coinneach MacChoinnich*—Kenneth MacKenneth, or Kenneth, son of Kenneth. The name Kenneth in course of time became softened down to Kenny or Kenzie. It is well known that, not so very long ago, *z* in this and all other names continued to be of the same value as the letter *y*, just as we still find it in Menzies, MacFadzean, and many other names. There seems to be no doubt whatever that this is the real origin of the Mackenzies, and of their name.

Murchadh, or Murdo, son of Kenneth, received a charter of the lands of Kintail from David II.

About 1463, Alexander Mackenzie of Kintail obtained the lands of Strathgarve, and other possessions, from John, Earl of Ross. They afterwards strenuously and successfully opposed every attempt made by the Macdonalds to obtain possession of the forfeited earldom. Alexander was succeeded by his son, Kenneth, who married Lady Margaret Macdonald, daughter of the forfeited Earl John, Lord of the Isles; but, through some cause or another, Mackenzie divorced the lady, and sent her home in a most ignominious and degrading manner. She, it is said, only possessed one eye, and Kintail sent her home riding a one-eyed steed, accompanied by a one-eyed servant, followed by a one-eyed dog. All these circumstances exasperated the lady's family to such an extent as to make them the mortal and sworn enemies of the Mackenzies.

Kenneth Og, his son by the divorced wife, became chief in 1493. Two years afterwards, he and Farquhar Mackintosh were imprisoned by James V. in Edinburgh Castle. In 1497, however, they both made their escape, but were, on their way to the Highlands, seized at Torwood by the laird of Buchanan, in a most treacherous manner. Kenneth Og made a stout resistance, but he was ultimately slain, and Buchanan sent his head as a present to the King.

Leaving no issue, Kenneth was succeeded by his brother John, whose mother, Agnes Fraser, his father's second wife, was a daughter of Lovat. He had several other sons, from whom have sprang several branches of the Mackenzies. As John was very young, his uncle, Hector Roy (Eachainn Ruadh) Mackenzie, progenitor of the Gairloch branch, assumed command of the clan and the guardianship of the young chief. Mr Gregory informs us that "under his rule the Clan Kenzie became involved in feuds with the Munroes and other clans; and Hector Roy himself became obnoxious to the Government as a disturber of the public peace. His intentions towards the young chief of Kintail were considered very dubious, and the apprehensions of the latter and his friends having been roused, Hector was compelled by law to yield up the estate and the command of the tribe to the proper heir."* John, the lawful heir, on obtaining possession, at the call of James IV., marched at the head of his clan to the fatal field of Flodden, where he was made a prisoner by the English.

On King James the Fifth's expedition to the Western Isles in 1540, John joined him at Kintail, and accompanied him throughout his whole journey. He fought with his clan at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and died in 1556, when he was succeeded by his son Kenneth, who had two sons by a daughter of the Earl of Athole—Colin and Roderick—the latter becoming ancestor of the Mackenzies of Redcastle, Kincaig, Rosend, and several other branches. This Colin, who was the eleventh chief, fought for Queen Mary at the battle of Langside. He was twice married. By his first wife, Barbara Grant of Grant, whose elopement with him has been described in a poem in the *Highland Ceilidh* (Vol. I., pp. 215-220, of the *Celtic Magazine*). He had three daughters and four sons, namely—Kenneth, who became his successor; Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Tarbat, ancestor of the Earls of Cromartie; Colin, ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kennock and Pitlundie; and Alexander, ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kilcoy, and other families of the name. By his second wife, Mary, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie of Davochmatuak, he had another son, Alexander, from whom descended the Mackenzies of Applecross, Coul, Delvin, Assynt, and others of note in history.

Kenneth, the eldest son, soon after succeeding his father, was engaged in supporting Torquil Macleod of Lewis, surnamed the *Conanach*, the disinherited son of the Macleod of Lewis, and who was closely related to himself. Torquil conveyed the barony of Lewis to the Chief of the Mackenzies by formal deed, the latter causing the usurper to the estate, and his followers, to be beheaded in 1597. He afterwards, in the following year, joined Macleod of Harris, and Macdonald of Sleat, in opposing James the Sixth's project for the colonization of the Lewis by the well-known adventurers from the "Kingdom of Fife."

In 1602, the old and long-standing feud between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds of Glengarry, concerning their lands in Wester Ross, was renewed with infuriated violence. Ultimately, after great bloodshed and carnage on both sides, an arrangement was arrived at by which Glengarry renounced for ever, in favour of Mackenzie, the Castle of Strome

* Highlands and Isles of Scotland, p. 111.

and all the lands in Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and other places in the vicinity, so long the bone of contention between these powerful, and we may safely add, ferocious chieftains. In 1607, a Crown charter for these lands was granted to Kenneth, thus materially adding to his previous possessions, power, and influence. "All the Highlands and Isles, from Ardnamurchan to Strathnaver, were either the Mackenzies property or under their vassalage, some few excepted," and all around them were bound to them "by very strict bonds of friendship." In this same year Kenneth received, through some influence at Court, a gift, under the Great Seal, of the Island of Lewis, in virtue of, and thus confirming, the resignation of this valuable and extensive property previously made in his favour by Torquil Macleod. A complaint was, however, made to his Majesty by those of the colonists who survived, and Mackenzie was again forced to resign it. By patent, dated the 19th of November 1609, he was created a peer of the realm, as Lord Mackenzie of Kintail. Soon after, the colonists gave up all hopes of being able to colonize the Lewis, and the remaining adventurers—Sir George Hay and Sir James Spens—were easily prevailed upon to sell their rights to Lord Mackenzie, who at the same time succeeded in securing a grant from the King of that part of the island forfeited by Lord Balmerino, another of the adventurers. He (Lord Mackenzie) now secured a commission of fire and sword against the islanders, soon arrived with a strong force, and speedily reduced them to obedience, with the exception of Neil Macleod and a few of his followers. The struggle between these two continued for a time, but ultimately Mackenzie managed to obtain possession of the whole island, and it remained in the possession of the family until it was sold by "the last of the Seaforths."

This, the first, Lord of Kintail died in 1611. One of his sons, Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin, by his second wife, Isabella, daughter of Sir Alexander Ogilvie of Powrie, was the father of the celebrated Sir George Mackenzie, already referred to in these pages. His eldest son, Colin, who succeeded him as second Lord of Kintail, was created first Earl of Seaforth, by patent dated the 3d December 1623, to himself and to his heirs male. Kenneth, Colin's grandson, and third Earl of Seaforth, distinguished himself by his loyalty to Charles the Second during the Commonwealth. He supported the cause of the Royalists as long as there was an opportunity of fighting for it in the field, and when forced to submit to the ruling powers, he was committed to prison, where, with much firmness of mind and nobility of soul, he endured a tedious captivity during many years, until he was ultimately released, after the Restoration, by authority of the King. He married a lady descended from a branch of his own family, Isabella Mackenzie, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie, Tarbat, and sister of the first Earl of Cromartie. To her cruel and violent conduct may undoubtedly be traced the remarkable doom which awaited the family of Seaforth, which was predicted in a most extraordinary manner by *Coinneach Odhar*, fulfilled in its minutest details, and which we are now about to place before the reader.

(To be Continued.)

THE ELEGIES OF ROB DONN, THE REAY BARD.

II.

WE have been taking a glance at the wreath which the muse of Rob Donn laid on the coffin of his own departed chief. But he could be generous in dispensing fame to deserved merit outside of his own clan. His sympathies were not altogether absorbed by those of his own kin. Thus he could sing the glories of Dunrobin as melodiously and heartily as those of Tongue. The last Earl of Sutherland in the male line died, amid the lamentations of his tenants, and amid the deep regrets of many others who were not connected with him so closely. No one deplored the calamity which had fallen upon the north country in the death of that amiable nobleman, the last of a long and brilliant and beneficent race, more sincerely than did the Mackay bard. His regrets soon found expression and ease for themselves in song. An elegy embalmed the virtues of the last Sutherland, and commended to the care of Providence the only daughter, who, by the blessing of God, might connect the glorious past with an equally glorious future. Time had now silvered the locks of the bard, and in his own consciousness had gradually cooled to a great extent the fire of his imagination and the ardour of his intellect. With some pathos, a quality in which Rob Donn is on the whole defective, he alludes in the opening stanzas of his elegy to the autumnal weakness which was fast robbing him of the liveliness and vigour of his summer life. Our bard regarded the stern nor'-easters of our island with very different feelings from that which stirred the heart of Kingsley when he ascribed to their rough discipline many of the virtues, physical and moral, for which the inhabitants of the kingdom are celebrated. But Rob Donn had often battled with them on the mountain side and so knew them more intimately than the gifted and brave Englishman, snugly ensconced in his warm parsonage, around which the storm might growl, but could not penetrate. To Rob Donn, as to Burns, November's blasts were merely surly blasts which stripped the forests, and made life harder to the poor—robbers and not benefactors.

To the fact that when he opened his eyes for the first time in this world there was nothing to be seen but drifting snow and blinding hail; he ascribes the premature decay of his powers. The icy rigour of his northern home had chilled his blood, which, in a climate with more zephyrs and sunshine, might still be glowing with its wonted fire. But although the ashes of a life which had been long burning had somewhat lessened the intense heat of former days, and had checked its energy, still the old fire was not dead, but living. It needed but to be stirred, to blaze forth again, if not with the same powers, with pleasing cheerfulness, with a soft mellow light, with delights peculiar to itself.

The poet, well aware of the indications which nature was giving him of the coming winter which should silence his song for ever, resolved to

bid farewell beforehand to the pleasures of poetry. But neither weakened powers, nor incipient resolutions, could persuade him not to tune once again, now that the land of Cataobh was deprived of its head, his mournful harp, and so find relief for his own irrepressible grief, and do justice to the fragrant memory of the dead. Then was it not patent to all that throughout those broad domains which had their centre at Dunrobin, no poet was found to give voice to the sorrow which filled every heart! The poet must have been differently constituted from the rest of his order if he did not feel a secret satisfaction in that dearth of poetry in the land of the Sutherlands, which rendered it necessary to call in the aid of a poet from another clan, and from another district.

We gather from the poem that Rob Donn was no stranger in the magnificent and hospitable halls of Dunrobin—that he was on terms of intimacy with the chief under whom he once served as a soldier, and whose untimely death, as well as that of his beautiful and beneficent countess, stirred from its well-earned repose into activity his own poetic faculty. The poet was familiar with the family portraits hung on the walls of the great castle, and pays his tribute to the greatness, the virtue, the courage of those whom they represent. He recalls to mind the portraits last hung up there, one of them showing a manly form, clad in kilt and plaid; the other, side by side with the former, beaming with gentle beauty. Is it wonderful, he adds, that Sutherlandshire should be girt about by sadness, seeing that all that is now left to it of its *Iarla Uilleam* the Colonel, and his spouse of the seed of the Maxwells, of their gentleness, sweetness, and dignity, is contained in these two paintings? The poet goes back in thought to the day when these two were united in joy and love, and declares that few could be found in broad Scotland that could match them in any way. The bright promise of that day and its gladsome hopes were not belied, for until death came and cut short their career, this happy pair won golden opinions from all, and these opinions did not go beyond the worth from which they sprang. And if their public and social virtues were great, equally great and beautiful were their private and domestic ones. They were ever faithful, ever devoted to one another. Sweet and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided, for each of them was spared the grief of a long separation, as almost at the same time they entered the long home. Even death itself at the last moment became the unwilling instrument of the beautiful. In the finest stanza in the elegy the poet brings together for comparison the beautiful forms of these two transferred by the artist to his glowing canvas, and the same forms in the act of passing to the higher life to which they had been summoned by Heaven. To a penetrating eye, the latter is the more beautiful of the two. Here such an eye may see the soft wings of angels tending over their charge, and folding them in their bosom, and as they pass beyond the blue skies, are followed with the regretful gaze of weeping eyes. Our bard, like Homer, hated as Hades itself the man who had one thing in his heart, another, and a different thing on his lip, and so could not write a panegyric to order. Thus we may be sure that of old, piety, generosity, and all the virtues, in greater or lesser degree, necessary to guide, to rule, and to elevate men, added lustre to the material and outward splendours of Dun-

robin, for the poet warmly testifies to the fact. It is beautiful and touching to see by the aid of the bard a great family striving to do its duty to those who sheltered under its shade, and to see its kindness, wisdom, and guidance answered by gratitude, esteem, and affection.

Passing from the immediate subject of his dirge, Rob Donn breaks out into a warm eulogy of the Sutherland family generally. His lines might almost form a text for a discourse to show what a nobleman should be and do. "Order was the law of that family; it was great, yet not haughty; it loved music and song; was festive and hospitable, without excess or riot; was always improving its possessions, so that its tenants had no good ground of complaint; its fame was such as few receive; it cultivated a stately dignity, and yet was good and affable to inferiors; it never enriched itself a penny piece by unjust exactions, yet it always increased, subject only to the limitations of man's mortality." Such was the description which a humble, unlettered man gave of a great historical line. May there be many families of the same rank to which the description may be applicable! Aristocracy would then be founded on a rock too firm for the waves of radicalism to overthrow.

Death, as we have seen, had swept away the last male representative of the Dunrobin line, but the succession was still continued in the person of a young child, the only daughter of the subject of our elegy. To the poet, as to others, that girl was an object of the deepest interest, as the only surviving sucker of the great parent tree, the one link which clasped the splendid past directly with the present, and rendered its continuity possible in the future. The position of this tender maiden, the trembling hopes which fluttered around her, the hostile wishes, and indeed the hostile deeds, of those whose selfish interests would gladly see her removed, are well described by the poet. The past history of Dunrobin is aptly and poetically compared to the glowing fire of a great furnace which has done good service, but whose fire is now reduced to one small, but still living, coal. A strong hope is expressed that that coal, far from being extinguished, will gather strength, and become a fire radiant with gladness and light. That coal is Elizabeth, the one living memorial of the glorious dead. The good fortune which had already been hers presaged a bright and sunny future. Addressing this Elizabeth, Rob Donn encourages her by reminding her of the failure which followed those attempts which were made to rob her of her honours and of her lands. Through the goodness of God and the gallantry of her defenders, she still held her nobility and her possessions—her enemies being put to shame. We believe the efforts here alluded to, to apply the Salic law to the Dunrobin succession, were made by the head of an ancient and much respected family in Caithness, closely connected in former days with the Sutherland family—the Sutherlands of Forse.

The elegy concludes with another allusion to the inadequacy of the poet's power to do justice to the lofty theme of his song, and with an invocation in behalf of Elizabeth, which was strikingly answered and strikingly contradicted in her subsequent history. Long life is supplicated for her, and a happy marriage, which the poet wishes to see consummated ere he die, to a hero who shall walk in the footsteps, strictly follow the ways of *her* ancestors.

This Elizabeth lived, married, and became a duchess ; but neither she nor her "gaisgeach," to use the word which the bard employs to describe the husband he wished for her, paid much respect in many particulars to the customs of the race she sprang from. No bard, in native accents, crooned a dirge of sorrow over her grave. To thousands who would have followed her ancestors cheerfully to the jaws of death her memory was accursed. Her firebrands covered her ancestral domains, like the prophet's scroll, with lamentations and woes. All this was done, no doubt, with good intentions, at much cost, with due respect to Malthusian philosophy, and to a political economy, so innocent of weak feeling that it would not only botanise over a mother's grave, but grow cabbages upon it. What would Rob Donn have said had he lived to see those events which are associated with the name of his young heroine? Would he not be so bewildered that he would think, with many a Sutherlandshire sufferer, that the genuine Elizabeth, the young tender flower, the delight and the hope of all, must have died young, the fact concealed, and a stranger substituted for her, with none of the old blood or the old virtue in her. That legend gave a kind of melancholy comfort to many a broken heart during the years 1807-17 ; and Rob Donn, had he been living, would be glad to believe it true. It would have crushed him to think that she, upon whom he had poured a poet's blessing, should have driven an unrelenting ploughshare through attachments whose strength was indicated by the fact that not a few of her clan, before going into forced exile, secretly placed some earth from the graves of their forefathers in their luggage boxes, to be sprinkled on their coffins in the, to them, desolate land of the stranger. We suspect he would have reverently said "Amen" to a passage in a sermon preached in Sutherlandshire on the occasion of Elizabeth's *real* death. "If oppressors are in heaven," thundered out the preacher, "her Grace is most certainly there. Anyhow, thank God that lead and oak now enclose her body, and effectually prevent it from giving any more trouble." Such sentiments were applauded to the echo under the very shadow of Dunrobin. "But what is past recalc, or done, undo not God Omnipotent, nor fate."

We are sure that the episode in the history of the Sutherland family referred to would have made our bard speak with the angry power of lightning ; we are equally sure that if he lived now his heart would swell with pride and gratitude, and his tongue drop, not flattery, but melodious and sincere praise, in presence of the noble deeds and lofty feelings of the present representatives of the line he loved so well. He would agree with those philosophers who teach that the mental and physical peculiarities of families disappear for a time before others of a different order, like rivers which become invisible in some underground channel, but which re-appear again some steps down the line in all their pristine power. He would have seen a nobleman more powerful by many a degree than his beloved Earl William, and infinitely more energetic than he in applying his power to the elevation in every respect of those who nestle under his branches. He would have seen a Duchess as deserving of affection, as worthy of his attachment and devotion as William's Countess. He would, in a word, have seen a pair who might have sat for the beautiful picture he has drawn, and truthfully drawn, of the noble qualities of the old family generally.

To have done, long may the present descendant of those whose virtues Rob Donn set to music continue to enjoy the respect, the proud attachment, the grateful devotion, which his energy, his munificence, his deep interest in his people, have secured for him, not only in Sutherlandshire, but in every part of the world where the sons of Sutherlandshire are to be found. May he have his reward for causing the prattle of well-fed, rosy children to be heard where but yesterday the bleating of sheep fell upon the ear; for causing the praises of God to resound where only the shepherd's whistle and the whirr of moorcocks disturbed the monotonous desolation. And when the last debt must be paid, may there be another Rob Donn to sing of the good deeds done in worthy strains, and may there be found one to fill with equal honour the place of those who have gone before; patriotism, wisdom, humanity, succeeded by the like to many generations.

KINBRACE.

THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

Sweet home of my youth, near the murmuring rills
That are nursed in the laps of the north Scottish hills.
Ere the grey streaks of morning the songster arouse
From his leaf-curtained cot to his matinal vows,
My thoughts cling to thee, and lovingly press,
Sweet home of my youth, on the banks of the Ness.

When the gay king of light doffs his gladdening crown,
And casts o'er the land his evening frown;
When Night's sombre mantle the Earth's overlaid,
And all Nature's in mourning for the day that is dead,
Then lov'd thoughts of thee I fondly caress,
Sweet home of my youth on the banks of the Ness.

Though thy little flower garden twice ten times has lost
Its bright summer garb since thy threshold I've cross'd;
Though Atlantic's wide waters our fortunes divide,
Still, not Time nor Space from my mem'ry can hide,
Nor dampen the love I'm proud to confess
For the home of my youth, on the banks of the Ness.

—John Patterson in the *American Scotsman*.

"THE HIGHLAND CELTIDH" and a Second Notice of Professor Blackie's
"Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands" are unavoidably
crushed out.

THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, ST ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE WAR SUMMONS.

I.

Soon as the kindling dawn had tipt
With gold Scour-vorrah's lonely head,
Before a single ray had dipt
Down to the loch's deep-shadowed bed,
Betimes old Marion was astir,
Thinking of that young wanderer,
And eident fitly to prepare
For all the household morning fare.
That over, Murdoch rose and went
Up through the pines, the steep ascent,
His two lads with him, to convoy
Homeward the wandering Cameron boy.
From the high peaks soon they showed a track,
That followed on would lead him back
To where his people's shealings lay,
On heights above Glen Dessaray ;
Then bade farewell—but ere they part
The three lads vowed with eager heart
That they, ere long, with willing feet,
Would hasten o'er the hills to meet.

II.

Many a going and return
Down to lone, beautiful Lochourn,
That pathway witnessed—many a time
These young lads crossed it, fain to climb
Each to the other's shealings, there
The pastimes of the hills to share—
To fish together the high mere,
Track to his lair the straggling deer,
From refuge in the cairn of rocks
Unearth the lamb-destroying fox ;
Or creep, with balanced footing nice,
Where o'er some awful chasm hung,
On ledge of dripping precipice,
The brooding eagle rears her young.
So from that wild, free nurture grew
'Tween these three lads firm friendship true.
But most the soul of Ronald clave

To Angus, his own chosen friend—
 To Angus more than brother gave
 Tender affection without end—
 Such as young hearts give in their prime—
 A weight of love, no lesser than
 The love wherewith, in that old time,
 David was loved by Jonathan.

III.

At length the loud war-thunder broke
 O'er Europe, and the land awoke,
 Even to the innermost recess
 Of this far-western wilderness.
 And the best councillors of the Crown—
 They who erewhile had hunted down
 Our sires on their own mountains, now,
 Led by a wiser man, 'gan trow
 'Twere better and more safe to use
 Our good claymores and hardy thews
 'Gainst Britain's foes, than shoot us dead,
 Food for the hill-fox and the glead.
 To all the Chieftains of the North
 An edict from the King went forth,
 That who should to his standard bring
 From his own hills a stalwart band
 Of clansmen in his following,
 Himself should lead them and command.
 He could not hear—our own Lochiel—
 With heart unmoved that strong appeal,
 To rouse once more the ancient breed
 Of warriors, as his sires had done,
 And help his country in her need
 With the flower of brave Clan Cameron.

IV.

Then every morning Achnacarry
 Saw clansmen mustering in hot hurry—
 Saw every glen that owns Lochiel,
 Lochaber Braes, and all Màm-more,
 Glenluy, west to fair Loch Shiel,
 Their bravest to the trysting pour.
 Westward the summons passed, as flame
 By shepherds lit, some dry March day,
 Sweeps over heathery braes—so came
 The tidings to Glen Dessaray ;
 And found the men of Shenebhal
 Down in the meadow, busy all
 Their stacks of barley set to bind,
 Against the winter's rain and wind :

All the flower of the Glen—
Grown, or nearly grown to men—
Heard that summons, all between
Thirty years and bright eighteen,
Loth or willing, slow or fleet,
Rose their Chieftain's call to meet ;
Angus, youngest, eager most
To join the quickly mustering host.
Though sad his sire, he could but feel
His boy must follow young Lochiel,
And his mother's heart, tho' wae,
Did not dare to say him nay.
When the following morn appeared,
Down the loch their boat they steered
To Achnacarry, there to enrol
Their names upon the muster-scroll,
And receive their Chief's command,
To gather when a month was gone,
And follow to a foreign land
The young heir of Clan Cameron.

V.

What were they doing by Lochourn,
At the Farm of Rounieval,
When there came that sudden turn
To Angus' fortunes, changing all ?
The tidings found, at close of day,
Ronald and Muriel on their way
Homeward, by the winding shore,
Driving the cattle on before.
At hearing of that startling word
The heart of Ronald, deeply stirred,
Wrought to and fro—Must I then part
From him, the brother of my heart ;
Let him go forth, on some far shore,
To perish, seen of me no more ?
It must not be, shall not be so,
Where Angus goeth, I will go.
Soon to his sister's ear he brought
The secret thing that in him wrought—
"I go with Angus—side by side
We'll meet, whatever fate betide."

VI.

Who, that hath ever known the power
Of home, but to life's latest hour,
Will bear in mind the deathly knell,
That on his infant spirit fell,
When first some voice, low-whispering said,
"One lamb in the home-fold lies dead ;"

Or that drear hour, scarce less forlorn,
 When tidings to his ear was borne,
 That the first brother needs must part
 From the home-circle, heart to heart
 Fast bound,—must leave the well-loved place,
 Alone the world's bleak road to face.
 Then as their hearts strain after him,
 With many a prayer and yearning dim,
 The old home, they feel, erst so serene,
 No more can be as it has been.
 Just so that sudden summons fell
 Upon the heart of Muriel,
 Even like a sudden funeral bell—
 An iron knell of deathly doom
 To wither all her young life's bloom.

VII.

Few words of dool that night they spake,
 Though their two hearts were nigh to break,
 But with the morrow's purpling dawn
 Ronald and Muriel they are gone
 Up through the pine trees, till they clomb
 The highest ridge upon the way
 That strikes o'er Knoydart mountains from
 Lochourn-side to Glen Desseray;
 And there they parted. Not, I ween,
 Was that their latest parting morn;
 Yet seldom have those mountains seen
 Two sadder creatures, more forlorn,
 Than these two moving, each apart,
 To commune with their own lone heart,
 To Achnacarry, one to share
 The muster of the clansmen there,
 And one, all lonely, to return
 Back to the desolate, dark Lochourn.
 And yet no wild and wayward wail
 Went up from bonny Rounieval,
 But Muriel set her to prepare
 Against the final parting day,
 A tartan plaid for Ronald's wear,
 When he was far away.
 She took the has-wool,* lock by lock,
 The choice wool, she in summers old,
 What time her father sheared his flock,
 Had gathered by the mountain fold.
 She washed and carded it clean and fine,
 Then, sitting by the birling wheel,

* See Burns' song "I coft a stane o' haslock woo'." "Haslock, or hauselock wool is the softest and finest of the fleece, and is shorn from the throats of sheep in summer heat, to give them air and keep them cool."—*Allan Cunningham*.

She span it out, a slender twine,
 And hanked it on the larger reel,
 Singing a low, sad chaunt the while,
 That might her heavy heart beguile.

VIII.

The hanks she steeped in diverse grains—
 Rich grains, last autumn time distilled
 By her own hands, with curious pains,
 Learnt from old folk in colours skilled.
 Deep dyes of orange, which she drew
 From crotal dark on mountain top,
 And purples of the finest hue
 Pressed from fresh heather crop.
 Black hues which she had brewed from bark
 Of the alders, green and dark,
 Which overshadow streams that go,
 After they have won the vale,
 Seaward winding still and slow,
 Down by gloomy Barisdale.
 Thereto she added diverse juices,
 Taken for their colouring uses,
 From the lily flowers that float
 High on mountain lochs remote ;
 And yellow tints the tanzy yields,
 Growing in forsaken fields—
 All these various hues she found
 On her native Highland ground.

IX.

But besides she fused and wrought
 In her chalice tinctures brought
 From far-off countries—blue of Ind,
 From plants that by the Ganges grew,
 And brilliant scarlets, well refined,
 From cochineal, the cactus rind
 Yields on warm hills of Mexico.
 When in these tinctures long had lain
 The several hanks, and drank the grain,
 She sunned them on the homeside grass,
 Before the door, above the burn,
 Then to the weaver's home did pass,
 Who lived to westward, down Lochourn.
 She watched the webster while he tried
 Her hanks, and put the dyes to proof,
 Then to the loom her fingers tied,
 Just as he bade her, warp and woof,
 The threads of bonny haslock woo'—
 Her haslock woo' well dyed and fine,

And she matched the colours, hue with hue,
 Laid them together, line on line.
 And as the treddles rattling went,
 And the swift shuttle whistled through,
 It seemed as though her heart-strings blent
 With every thread that shuttle drew.

X.

When two moons had waxed and waned,
 And the third was past the full,
 And the weary cup was all but drained
 Of long suspense, and naught remained,
 But the one day of parting dool,
 From Achnacarry Ronald passed
 Down to Lochourn, to bid farewell
 To father, mother, brother dear,
 And his sole sister, Muriel.
 For word had come the new-raised band,
 Ere two days pass must leave their land,
 To march on foreign service—where,
 Not even their chief could yet declare.
 Far had the autumn waned that morn,
 When Ronald left his home forlorn,
 And all his family rose and went
 Forth by his side to cheer his way,
 To the tryst whither he was bent,
 At foot of long Glen Desseray.
 And as they went was Muriel wearing
 Around her breast the new-woven plaid,
 And Ronald tall, with gallant bearing,
 Walked in clan tartan garb arrayed.
 A while they kept the winding shores
 Of wan Lochourn—from friendly doors
 Many a heartily breathed farewell
 On the ears of the passing family fell.
 Then up through dark Glen Barrisdale lay
 Their path the morning chill and grey,
 And drearily the fitful blast
 Moaned down the corries, as they passed,
 And floated in troops around their head
 From withered birks the wan leaves dead ;
 And the swathes of mist, in the black gulphs curled,
 On the gusty breezes swayed and swirled,
 Up to the cloud that in solid mass
 Roofed the Màm above and the lonely Pass.
 Into that cloud the travellers bore—
 Lochourn and his islands were seen no more.

XI.

As they passed from the Màm and its cloudy cowl,
 Beneath lay Loch Nevish with grim, black scowl—

The blackest, sullenest loch that fills
 The ocean-rents of these gnarled hills ;
 Those flanking hills, where evermore
 Dank vapours swim, wild rain-floods pour.
 Where ends the loch the way is barred
 By the awesome pass of Màm-clach-ard,
 By some great throes of Nature rent
 Between two mountains imminent ;
 Scour-na-naat with sharp wedge soaring,
 Scour-na-ciche, cataracts pouring
 From precipice to precipice,
 Headlong down many a blind abyss.
 A place it was, e'en at noon or morn,
 Of dim, weird sights, and sounds forlorn,
 But after nightfall, lad nor lass
 In all Lochiel would face that pass.
 Now as these travellers climb the Màm,
 They were aware of a stern, grim calm—
 The calm of the autumn afternoon,
 When night and storm will be roaring soon.
 But little time, I ween, had they
 To watch strange shapes, weird sounds to hear,
 For they must hasten on their way—
 Not feed on phantasies of fear,
 Lest night should fall on them before
 They reached Loch Arkaig's distant shore.

XII.

Down to that trysting place they fare,
 Many people were gathered there—
 Father, mother, sister, friend,
 From all the glens, deep-hearted Gael,
 Each for some parting brother, blend
 Manhood's tears with woman's wail.
 Beneath them on the water's marge,
 Lay floating ready the eight-oared barge,
 To Achnacarry soon to bear
 His clansmen to their young Chief there.
 When the Knydart family reached that crowd,
 And heard their lamentations loud,
 Behind a green knoll, out of view,
 With their young warrior all withdrew—
 That knoll which sent, in by-gone days,
 Down the long loch the beacon's blaze.
 There Angus and his people all
 Were waiting them of Rounieval,
 And while the old folk, in sorrow peers,
 Mingle their common grief and tears,
 And Angus, home and parents leaving,
 Is set to bear with manly grieving,

Yet one peculiar pang was there,
Which only he and Muriel share—
A pang deep-hid in either breast,
Nor once to alien ear confessed.

XIII.

Then Muriel suddenly unbound
The plaid wherewith herself was drest,
Threw it her brother's shoulders round,
And wrapt it o'er his manly breast.
"This plaid my own hands dyed and wove,
Memorial of our true home love;
Let its fast colours symbol be
Of thoughts and prayers that cling to thee."
Then from her breast his mother took
A little Gaelic Bible book—
"For my sake read, and o'er it pray,
We here shall meet when you're far away."
With that, impatient cries wax'd loud—
"Unmoor the barge"—one swift embrace,
One clinging kiss to each dear face,
And rushing blindly through the crowd,
Angus and Ronald take their place
Within the boat. The piper blew
The thrilling pibroch of Donald Dhu;
But the sound on the Knoydart weepers fell,
And on many more, like a funeral knell;
And the further down the loch they sail,
In deeper sadness died the wail,
And their eyes grew dimmer, and yet more dim,
Down the wan water following him—
Watching so fleetly disappear
All that on earth they hold most dear,
Till round the farthest jutting Rhu
The barge, oar-driven, swept from view.
Then from the knoll they turned away,
And tears no more they cared repress,
But set their face through gloamin' grey,
Back to the western wilderness.

(To be Continued.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We are obliged to request those who have not paid their subscriptions to do so at once. It can only be owing to forgetfulness that this little matter is not attended to, but we would remind our friends that every thousand subscriptions mean, to us, considerably over £300. The *Credit* rate will be charged in every case, without exception, where the subscription is not paid *this* month. It is impossible to do the reader or the Magazine justice unless the reader does *his* part.

A CHAPTER ON THE SUPERSTITIOUS STORIES OF THE
HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

THERE is no subject that has given so much play to the fancy of the Highlanders as the sort of hide-and-seek game the spirits of the dead seem to play among the living ; in fact, the more illiterate part of the peasantry seem to dwell on the very borders of the unseen land, and the severing veil appears to be a most shadowy one. And though there is something more poetic in the imagination that peoples the mountains and glens with spirits visitant than in the more material Sadduceism of the southron, yet, we know the eye that sees double is diseased as well as the one whose vision is dim. If a "reverend grannie"—in the least degree superstitious—heard in the south a "rustling" or "groaning" among the "boortrees" whilst at her prayers in the darkness, she would at once conclude it was the devil ; but a Highland woman would be much more apt to think it was the ghost of some one departed, who had wrongs unrevealed or un-avenged, or died with some secret locked in his or her soul. And there live at this day in the Highlands hundreds of brave stalwart men who would fight fearlessly upon a battlefield, but who would shiver and quake like an aspen on a lonely road at night if they heard the scream of a sea-bird, or if a dog crossed their path, if a meteor was seen to flash over the heavens, or a light was seen glimmering in the distance. Nor are the visits of the departed expected always to be confined to lonely places, for I have seen faces pale if an unexpected rap came to the door after dusk, and to pass a burying-ground at night alone is not considered brave but daring and foolish. These nocturnal rangers of moor and fell are not always expected to appear "sheeted" as those who were gibbered in the streets of Rome. They are generally seen in the clothing and appearance they were wont to have when still in the body, and, as far as I ever learned, their power of inflicting corporeal punishment is increased rather than diminished. I shall give you some instances of stories firmly believed.

The pretty burying-ground of Cillechoireal, or St Cyril, is in the braes of Lochaber, and can be seen from the coach that daily runs from Fort-William to Kingussie. It is a lovely spot, the very ideal of a peaceful resting-place to sleep well in "after life's fitful fever" ; but there was a time when peace was a stranger there, and the whole countryside was night after night disturbed with the shoutings of unearthly combatants—those who had been enemies rising again under the curtain of night to renew their feuds and fight their battles over again—the clashing of battle-axes and claymores—not to speak of the slashing of the Dochinassie sticks—were heard far and wide. The breaking of bones, the screams of the vanquished, and the wild fiendish laughter of the victors, made the strongest heart quake, whilst the timid and the fearful were almost dead with terror. This state of matters went on for a considerable length of time until at last one dark stormy night matters came to a crisis. Women shrieked with terror in their homes, and strong men could only pray

and cross themselves. It seemed as if all who had ever been buried there were up and at it.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleam the darkness swallowed—
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed.

But above the bellowing of the thunder, the rattling of the showers, and blowing of the raging wind, came the shrieks of that "hellish legion" and the noise of their demoniac warfare.

At length one man stronger in faith than his neighbours volunteered to go for the priest, for he could no longer bear to see the state of terror in which his wife and daughters were, and he feared they might even die before these awful hosts would "scent the morning air."

Sic a night he took the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

And his brave heart was duly rewarded, for he got safe to the priest's house, and told his tale in eager haste. The priest, who was a very holy man, set out for the scene of the dreadful *melee*. In crossing the River Spean, the man carried the clergyman on his back, and when they got to the further shore, he took one of his shoes and made holy water in it, and after many prayers, he went alone to the burying-ground, leaving the messenger in a state of terror at the river-side. In "that hour o' nicht's black arch the keystone," the priest bravely entered the scene of unholy warfare, and he reconsecrated the place amidst the yells of the vanishing spectres, and from that day to this, silence reigns in Cillechoireal: "and there at peace the ashes mix of those who once were foes." And the respectable and sensible man who told me this tale, and who believed in it himself most devoutly, lies now there asleep quietly with his ancestors.

Another story was told me by a sailor from the West Coast of Ross-shire. Near his native place was a wild moor that for years was so haunted that no one would venture upon facing it after dusk. The most awful lamentations were heard as from a young man in great distress. He always frequented the one spot, and at the same hour every night the agonising wail that loaded the night winds with pain began. They knew he wanted to communicate his grief to some person, but no one had courage enough to venture near him. At length an old soldier came the way, and when he called at the roadside inn for refreshments, they advised him not to face the moor as night was near, but to take his bed there at once, as he seemed worn with travel, and he would be sure—if he did face the moor—to return as hundreds had done before him, whenever the voice of woe that haunted the place would fall upon his ear. The soldier laughed their fears to scorn and passed on. In the middle of the moor he heard the plaintive cry, and he fearlessly asked the young man the cause of his wail.

"Alas!" he cried. "Alas! I cannot cease to wail, there is no rest for me whilst my false love—who vowed in this spot so often to be mine for ever, and whose falseness caused my early death—sleeps nightly in the bosom of the man whom she married because he had more of the world's goods than I had."

"And where is this false love of thine, young man, whose voice is so full of sorrow?" said the soldier.

"She is the mistress of the inn you passed near the end of this moor" replied the young man in the same sad tone.

"Come with me and you will get the hand she falsely promised you," said the soldier, and the young man followed him to the window of the inn.

The soldier cried for a draught of ale; and the landlady—who was in bed—arose hastily, saying, "I was sure you would return; I had better undo the door and let you in?"

"Not just yet," said the soldier, "I have a friend with me who cannot enter—hand him a draught of ale—you need not bring a light." The woman hastily obeyed, and when she opened the window and gave out the pot of ale, her hand was clasped by an icy cold one, and her eyes fell upon the pale, sorrowful visage of her dead lover. She gave a loud cry, and fell lifeless upon the floor; and the lamentations of the broken-hearted young man were never again heard on the moor, and the wayfarers got leave to travel undisturbed.

I will send you again shortly more of these stories that are nightly related and regarded as facts by so many of our countrymen.

MARY MACKELLAR.

KYLE—CAOL.—A correspondent "imperfectly acquainted with the Gaelic language, but who takes a great interest in the Celtic language, literature, people, and history," writes :—"In Mr Maclean's letter on the Ossianic controversy, he suggests that the derivation of 'Kyle' is *Coille*—a wood. Now this derivation disconcerts all my previous ideas of the derivation of 'Kyle.' Many years ago, I happened to be the fellow traveller, in the steamer from Glasgow to Oban, of a great Gaelic scholar, the late Mr Macdonald, Roman Catholic Bishop of Lismore; and passing through the Kyles of Bute, I asked him the meaning of the word 'Kyle?' His answer was, 'What is the meaning of Calais?' and explained that the sound of K, or hard C, was always associated with *narrowness* either of land or water. I have often amused myself since (I cannot give my researches a more scientific name) by tracing the derivation of the names of places, and discovered that I could find a Celtic origin for many names not only in Scotland and Ireland, but in England and on the continent of Europe. Many ferries in the Highlands, where *narrowness* is the distinguishing characteristic, have the K or hard C—*Connell, Corran, Cregan, Craignish, Kessock, &c.*—while a ferry that is not narrow has no C, but merely the sound *sh*, descriptive of *water*, such as *Shean*; and where neither narrowness nor expanse of water is the one characteristic, but the ferry combines the two, we have the combination of both sounds—*Ballachulish*—which, as I should translate it, would be 'the town of the rushing narrow water.' Perhaps my derivation may be fanciful, but if you can spare space, will you take some notice of my suggestions, and perhaps some Gaelic scholars may be induced to take up the subject of Celtic derivations, which, even in the imperfect way I have been able to carry out, has made me find a fresh charm in travel."

THE ALIEN CHIEFS.



Old Caledonia widowed ! pours her griefs,
Mourning with death's and tears her absent chiefs.

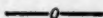
Where now are the chieftains of song and of story,
The clan-loving men, the descendants of fame ?
Alas ! 'neath the halo of traitorous glory,
They live but as aliens encircled with shame :
'Mid Sassenach scions of Fashion and Folly
They court the gay paths of dishonour and death,
Bereft of the pride of the patriot holy,
Behold them ! vile nurslings of Luxury's breath.
Alas ! poor Caledonia !

Empoisoned and pampered with night-ushered revels,
As dull, trembling cowards they listlessly live,
Nor heed they the wailings from rent-racking evils,
Their poor humble cottars oft piteously give :
No more in their bosoms the worth of their fathers
Triumphantly gleams to illumine the man,
Contempt's leaden pallor around them now gathers,
Unloved and unhonoured by kinsmen or clan.
Alas ! poor Caledonia !

The valleys and mountains by ancestors guarded,
To memory sacred, they've ruthlessly sold ;
Their glorious deeds, yea their dust is discarded
To reap the cold glamour of hate-bringing gold ;
Woes me ! that the blood of the brave has descended
To knee-bending courtiers oblivious to wrong,
The pride of our chieftains for ever is ended
When dark, craven virtues unto them belong.
Alas ! poor Caledonia !

Alas ! Caledonia, alone and forsaken,
May weep for the sons who her laurels have shorn ;
Oh ! ne'er will her dawn of redemption be breaking
Till home-loving chieftains her mountains adorn :
Awake from your apathy's blightful devotion
Descendants of heroes once mighty and brave !
Come ! let the old spirit enkindle emotion,
Arouse ! the loved land of your forefathers save !
Rejoice then Caledonia !

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.



THIS annual re-union of the members of the Gaelic Society and their friends took place in the Station Hotel, on Friday evening, the 12th of January—Old New-Year's eve. It was in every respect the most successful meeting of the kind ever held in connection with the Society. Chief Professor Blackie presided, supported by Sir K. S. Mackenzie, Bart., Captain Chisholm of Glassburn, H. C. Macandrew, Charles Stewart of Brin, Charles Innes, Ballifeary, Bailie J. Davidson, Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London; Reva. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., and MacIsachlan; Messrs Jolly and Sime, H.M. Inspectors of Schools; Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Peter Burgess, factor for Glenmoriston, and many other influential Celts, to the number of about seventy. Apologies were received, among many others, from Cluny, Tulloch, Lochiel, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., Deputy Surgeon-General W. C. Mackinnon, C.B.; Raigmore, General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.; C. S. Jerram, M.A., Oxford; and Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe.

The Chief, while proposing the toast of the evening, delivered one of his characteristic speeches, in which he compared the incongruity of his being Chief of the Society with a full-dressed Highlander strutting about in a dress hat. He, however, considered it one of the greatest honours of his life that he had been asked to be the Chief of the Inverness Gaelic Society, even though it were but for the brief period of one year.* The memory would remain as long as he lived, and perhaps it would be inscribed on his tombstone. He certainly thought that if any University had the sense to make him D.C.L., or D.D., or LL.D., he would never esteem it half such an honour as being Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The real human sympathy which he felt in this matter would, he hoped, obliterate the æsthetical incongruity which he personally afforded. They required such a combination as the Inverness Gaelic Society. It showed that there was a consciousness in the minds of the people in the Highlands that they had a right to walk on God's earth as a peculiar people like the Jews, to whom they owed so much. They owed to the Jews their Bible and religion, just as they owed to the Greeks their wisdom; and to the Highlanders their chivalry, and the most brilliant passages in their history. He was proud to think that the Highland people were now thoroughly conscious of it themselves—that they thought they were not merely made for being rubbed out, stamped out, or smothered off by south-country civilization. The Professor then prophesied that the Gaelic would be extinct in two hundred years, and adduced his reasons; but it ought to be cultivated and cherished. The speedy death, however, which he prophesied for the language would be the fault of Highlanders themselves. The Welsh had cultivated their language, and it was found staring every traveller at Welsh railway stations; but the Highland people had not cultivated nor honoured their language as they ought to have done. They did not read their own volumes, but went a whoring after strange gods, as the Israelites did, and paid the penalty. How could they think others would respect Gaelic when they did not respect it themselves? The Gaelic could not, he urged, be wisely neglected by any man who wished to do the Highland people justice as a moral or an intellectual educator. The man was not in a truly natural state who did not love the language of the people among whom he was born. The Professor concluded:—The English language is a mixty-maxy—a kind of hodge-podge—a mere devil's soup brewed up of all materials which came from nobody knows where. It would require the most learned man in Germany—perhaps half-a-dozen of the most learned men—to make a good etymological English dictionary. The words

* He has since, as a well merited special honour, been elected for the second time.

have no meaning except to a man who knows Latin and Greek, and sometimes Gaelic. To a poor Highland boy what significance will the word "publican" in the Gospels convey? The only kind of publicans he knows are those of a kind which my friend the Rev. Mr Macgregor does not like to patronise; but he would make a great mistake if he thought they were the publicans mentioned by Luke. But if the boy opens his Gaelic Bible he will find the word *ciemhaor*, and knows at once that this is the man who gathers the taxes. Another thing struck him the first time he read the first chapter of Genesis in Gaelic. The first verse in English is, "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What idea do you attach to the word create? Go back to the Latin, Greek, or even the Sanskrit, and you will not learn; all that you arrive at is that it signifies "doing or acting." In Gaelic the same verse runs—"San toiseach chruthaich Dia na nèamhan agus an talamh." The Professor slowly spelt the third word, *chruthaich*. Now, strike off the termination and see what you have—*cruth*. That word means shape or form, and there you have the key to the whole Platonic philosophy, and the Gospel philosophy too. To give form to the formless is one of the prime functions of creation. Having made that boy a philosopher by the help of Gaelic, I ask how can any man despise and trample it under his feet as a language of savages? If any man dare say that it is a barbarous language, he is either a fool or a savage himself, he is still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity—of course in a philosophical sense. Let such a fellow come before me, and I will smash him to powder. Let a man be ever so mighty, truth is mightier; and nothing but gross ignorance or prejudice can explain the hostility of those people who would stamp out the Gaelic. If they dare to come to the front before me, whose Gaelic is only of yesterday, I will squelch them into jelly. I once received an epistle from a gentleman who refused to subscribe to the Celtic Chair, and attributed all the evils of the Highlands to two causes—the one being Gaelic and the other feudalism. Now, feudalism never was in the Highlands except in the shape of law-deeds; and such things only show the insolence of John Bull, who knows of nothing beyond the Grampians except grouse, and deer, and ptarmigan. I could mention several things that have ruined the Highlands. Their own folly in rising in '45 helped it. Even Lochiel saw the danger at the time, and yielded to mere sentiment. Next to that, two things have done mischief. One is absenteeism, or the possession of property by persons who do not perform the duties which belong to a proprietor in all well-organised societies; and the second is selfishness masked in the words of a political economy which regards the product only and not the producer, which measures the wealth of nations merely by the amount of external products which they gather together, and not by the real well-being of the people who belong to the country—a political economy divorced from human love and evangelical morality, and also from the best maxims of a sound social policy. Not to detain you longer, let me say that if you wish this Society to prosper, and if you wish yourselves to be respected as Highlanders and as men, you will cultivate your Highland traditions and the Gaelic language along with your noble Gaelic sentiments in all your schools. (The speech was cheered to the echo throughout, and the audience kept in roars of laughter.)

Mr Wm. Mackay, hon. secretary of the Society, delivered a speech, while proposing Celtic Literature, so much in our special groove, and so interesting and suggestive in many ways, that we give it entire:—Two days ago I happened to mention to a gentleman whom I am glad to see here this evening, that I had been requested to propose this toast. "I suppose," said he, with a knowing smile on his countenance, "your first and most difficult duty will be to prove that such a thing as Celtic literature exists." Now, gentlemen, taking my friend's words as my text, I shall, with your permission, endeavour to show not only that we have a literature, but also that it is one which is ancient and not altogether worthless. The subject is however so wide that, so far as the rich literary remains of the Cymric branch of the Celtic nation are concerned, I shall merely allude to them in passing. Some of them, as old as the sixth century, you may find in Skene's Four Ancient Books of Wales. We of the Gaelic branch are more im-

mediately interested in the literature of our ancestors of Scotland and Ireland; people who at one time were in constant communication with each other, and thought no more of crossing the stormy sea which separated them than we Invernessians do of crossing Kessock Ferry to visit the good people of the Black Isle. Perhaps the oldest piece of pure Gaelic writing now in existence is a verse in Dioma's Book, a manuscript copy of the Gospels made for St Cronan, of Roscrea, in Ireland, who died in the beginning of the seventh century. From that time down to the sixteenth century Gaelic writers wrote to an extent which is quite amazing to those who, looking to the scantiness of the Saxon literature of the period, assumed that the Celt must have been infinitely in the rear. Among ancient Gaelic manuscripts discovered in Scotland, are the Book of the Abbey of Deer in Aberdeenshire, a manuscript of the ninth century now published by the Spalding Club; the Bethune Manuscript, of date 1100; the Lament of Dearduil, dated 1208; and the Dean of Lismore's Book, of the sixteenth century, containing upwards of 11,000 verses of Gaelic poetry by Ossian and other ancient bards. As to the Gaelic manuscripts found in Ireland, in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and in the libraries of Rome, Paris, Brussels, and other continental towns, they are legion. Large portions of those manuscripts have been published under the superintendence of O'Curry, O'Donovan, Skene, Sullivan, the Royal Irish Academy, and the Royal Commission for publishing the Brehon Laws; but, in the opinion of Professors O'Loony and O'Mahony of Dublin, there were in 1875 still not less than 1000 volumes of unpublished Gaelic. The contents of these volumes are as varied as the subjects which exercised the minds of the learned of the ages in which they were written—history, poetry, romance, law, medicine, and even mathematics and astronomy. The poems and romances are remarkable for the vivid glimpses which they give of the every-day life of our remote ancestors; the scientific treatises are curious in so far as they unfold to us the views of the ancient Celt on subjects which command attention in our own day; but by far the most valuable are the annals and historical tracts which, in many cases, were written at the times of which they speak. Skene carefully studied them, and made capital use of them in his "Celtic Scotland," just published—a work in which he has completely demolished the fabulous fabrics raised by Fordun, Boece, and other so-called historians of ancient Scotland; and in which he narrates the true history in a remarkably lucid and entertaining manner. And it is not alone to him who would be historian of Scotland that those remains may be interesting. Do they, for example, throw any light on the topography and early history of the town in which we are met, and the surrounding districts? We have continually been told that Loch Ness, the River Ness, and Inverness all derive their names from the Fall of Foyers, an *Eas*—but the Tales of Clan Uisneach, composed, according to Professor O'Curry, anterior to the year 1000, lead me to discredit that theory, and to believe that the loch, river, and town owe their names to *Naois*, the son of Uisneach, who, with his love Dearduil (pronounced Jardil) fled from the court of Conachar Mac-Nessa, King of Ulster, in the first century, to Scotland, where they sojourned for a time. In those tales I find mention of *Uiage Naois* (the Water of Naois, which I take to be Loch Ness), and *Inbhernaois*, or Inverness. The prominent vtrified fort on the south shore of Loch Ness is to this day known as Dun Dearduil, and in the Gaelic manuscript of 1208, which I have mentioned, Dearduil, on her return to Ireland, sings farewell to Scotland, and a favourite glen there, in the following strain:—

"Beloved land, that eastern land,
Alba with its lakes;
Oh! that I might not depart from it,
But I depart with Naois.
Glen Urchain! O Glen Urchain!
It was the straight Glen of Smooth ridges;
Not more joyful was a man of his age
Than Naois in Glen Urchain."

Now, on the north shore of Loch Ness, and opposite Dun Dearduil, we have the beautiful Glen of Urquhart (in Gaelic *Gleann Urchudain*), and there can, I think, be little doubt that that is the glen of which Dearduil sang. Without leaving Glen Urquhart, I may mention that Anderson, in his "Guide to the Highlands," supposes that the ancient temple which stood in the immediate vicinity of Temple Pier was the same as the church of *Maolrubha*, built about 600; but in the Annals of Tighernach, who died in 1088, the place in which that church was erected is called *Apurcrossan*, which certainly is not Glen Urquhart, and may be Applecross. Few intelligent Scotsmen are, I presume, ignorant of the fact that Scotland was at one time divided into seven provinces, but I venture to say that there are not many who are aware of another fact recorded in a Gaelic verse quoted by *Gillecaemhan*, who died in 1072, that this arrangement had its origin in a division of Alban among the seven sons of *Cruithne*. The Picts, whose king in the time of Columba had his palace in the neighbourhood of Inverness, are frequently mentioned, and at a later period we have recorded the murder in our vicinity of the

"Gracious Duncan," of Shakespeare, by Macbeth, the Maormor of the ancient, and for a long time independent, province of Moray, in the very centre of which we now are; the career of Macbeth as King of Scotland; and the wars in which the Celts of Moray were from time to time engaged in defence of their ancient rights, until at last the bloody tale ends with the significant words, under the year 1130—*Ar fer Muriadh in Albain*—the slaughter of the Men of Moray in Alban. I have now endeavoured to indicate the extent and value of our ancient written literature. I need not tell you of the mass of oral literature which we possess in the shape of beautiful tales and stirring ballads, a great part of which has been collected and published by Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay; nor of the "Poems of Ossian," which, no matter by whom they were composed, were sufficient, when published, to send a Celtic thrill through the intellect of Europe—nor yet of the numerous Gaelic bards who have flourished within the last two centuries. For an account of all these, and the progress of Gaelic literature generally, I refer you to the works of Dr M'Lauchlan, Professor Bourke, and our own Chief. At no other time within the history of the Celt did his literature receive such attention as it does now. Success then let us drink to it; in prosperity may it more and more increase, and may the time be not far distant when no Briton shall deem his education complete without some knowledge of the ancient literature of his native land. Let me couple the toast with the name of the Rev. Mr Macgregor, one of the oldest and raciest Gaelic writers of our day. His beautiful translation of the Apocrypha, undertaken at the request, and published at the expense, of Prince Lucien Napoleon, is sufficient to hand his name down to posterity as a Gaelic scholar; but perhaps he will live more in the affection of his countrymen as the genial "Sgiathanach" and "Alastair Ruadh" of all our Highland magazines and newspapers, from the *Cuairtear* and *Fear Tathaich* to the *Gael Highlander*, and *Celtic Magazine*.

The Rev. Alex. Macgregor, in reply, pointed out the great antiquity of the Gaelic language—how it can be traced all over Europe; how, after laying the foundation of Greek, Latin, and other languages, it continued its progress westward, until it finally found shelter in Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, Wales, and other places; and concluded an excellent Gaelic speech as follows:—*Uime sin tha 'Ghaeligh urramach a' fathast agriobhta ann an ainmibh gach bëinn agus beallach, gach slochd agus enochd, gach abhainn agus allt, gach ruith agus rudha, cha'n 'e mbàin air feadh Alba gu léir, ach mar an cèudna air mòr-thìr na Roinn-Eorpa. Chan' 'eil teagamh nach d'ionnsuich Ceann-feadhna Comuinn Gaelig Inbhearnis am mòr eòlas aige air a' Ghaeligh, o bhi 'faicinn gu'n robh i 'na steigh, 'na bunait, agus 'na frèumh don' Ghrèugais agus don' Laidinn air am bheil e co fìosrach. Is miorbhuileach an dùrachd a tha lionadh cridhe ar Ceann feadhna chum a' Ghaeligh ìridinn. Leis an strìth a rinn e, tha Caithir na Gaelic a cheana air a trì cossabh ann an Oil-thigh Dhunedin, agus chan' fhad an uine gus am bith i air a staidheachadh gu daingean dìomhail air a ceithir cossabh. An sin, suidhear air a' chaithir sin duine foghlumte òigìn, a bhios a' craobh-agaileadh gach fìosrachaidh mun' Ghaeligh cadar bhun agus bhàrr air feadh gach cearnaidh de dh' Alba, agus na riochachd air fad. Is miorbhuileach an dìchioll a rinneadh leis an Olladh urramach, Blackie fein, chum na crìche so, an uair nach 'eil boinne a dh'fhuil nan Gaidheal 'na chuislibh! Ach tha e cianail, maslachail a bhi faicinn mar a tha a' Ghaeligh air a druideadh a mach as gach tigh-sgoile ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an òigridh air am fagail co aineolach ri lathaibh nan asail fìadhaich air càinnt am màthar fein. Cha n' eil na h-àrd chumbachdan a shuidhich na sgoilean sin, a' toirt aon chuid comais no dùais don' luchd-teagaisg chum Gaelig a thoirt idir don' òigridh, agus air an sobhar sin chan' urrainn iad Focal an Tighearna a leughadh ann an càinnt am màthar fein, agus is nar an gnothuch e! Tha e taitneach, gidheadh, guin bheil gach Comunn Gaidhealach anns an riochachd air fad a dh' aoin inntinn chum so athleasachadh, agus tha na Comunna sin lionmhor. Cha mhòr baile ann am Breatunn anns nach 'eil Comunn Gaelig. Ach c'ait am bheil leithid Comunn Gaelig Inbhearnis? Tha bùill a' Chomuinn so a' dol gu'n dùlan chum gach reachd agus cleuchd a bhuineas do na Gaidheal a chumail air chuimhne, agus chum gach riaghailt agus innleachd a ghnàthachadh chum sìochd nam beann athleasachadh a thaobh nithe aimsireil agus spioradail. Tha'n Comunn gu mòr air a chuideachadh chum na crìche so le da thì ro chumhachdach anns a' bhaile so fein, agus làbhrar ùmpa a réir an aois. Tha againn, an toiseach, an t-Ard-Albannach còir, agus is diùlnach laghas e. Ged is iongantach e ri ràdh, chan' 'eil e ach air òigìn ceithir bliadhna dh'aois, gidheadh, chithear e, le' bhonaid leathainn agus le' bhreacain-an-fheile, a' sìubhal o bhaile gu baile, o chomunn gu comunn, a' labhairt, ag òisdeachd, a' teagasg, agus a' sparradh nithe lomchuidh chum a luchd-dùthea a sheòladh air an t-slighe cheart, chum an leas fein. Gu robh gach deagh bhuaidh leis. Ach tha òganach tréun agus deas-chàinnteach eile againn ann am prìomh-bhaile so na Gaidhealtachd, agus chan' 'eil e fathast ach beagan thar bliadhna dh'aois, gidheadh is comharraichte tapaidh am balachan e. Is e "Mios-leabhar Gaidhealach" (*Celtic Magazine*) is ainm dha. Tha deagh fhiasla aige a cheana, leis an gearr agus am bearr e gach nì, ann an cumadh freagarach chum maith a luchd-dùthea. Is iongantach an stòras eòlais a th' aige air seann sgùlaibh, each-*

draidhean-céilidh, faisneachdan soilleir, agus nithe éagsamhla eile. Gheibhear 's an Mhios-leabhar so, eachdraidh chuimhir air gach deasboireachd mu bhàrdachd Oisein, far am bheil comas labhairt aig luchd-dionaidh agus luchd-aicheadh a' bhàird urramaich sin. Tha mòr speis agam da'n òganach so-cho mor agus gu'n d'thug mi cuideachadh m'ainne mar fhear deasaichaidh dha air son bliadhna; agus dheanainn sin fhathast na'm biodh comas agam cuideachadh da rìreadh a dheanamh ri *Cabarfeidh*, ach bha urad do ghnòth-aichean eile agam ri dheanamh air gach doigh agus ainns gach aite, 's nach robh mi a' faicinn freagarrach dhomh m'aimh a bhi ris an Leabhran, is nach robh e comasach dhomh 'o thoiseach cobhair sam bith a dheanamh ris an fhìor fhear-dheasaichaidh, agus gu ma fada a bhios e air a chaoimhnadh chum cuideachdadh le Comunn Gaelig a' bhaile so, agus leis gach comunn agus cuideachd anns gach cearnadh dhe n' rìoghachd. Ach tha "Gaidheal" eile ann an Dunedin, a ta beagan nìs sine nán dithis a dh'ainmicheadh, agus is tréun an t-òganach e. Is taitneach leis an t-seann Sgiathanach agus le Alasdair Ruadh a bhi 'cuideachadh leis a reir an neoni cumhachd a thugadh dhoibh. Chan' iognadh an Sgiathanach a bhi liath-cheannach oir tha dluth air da fhichead bliadhna on chunncas e anns na turasuibh aig "Cuairtear nan Gleann" agus "Fear-tathaich nan Beann." Ach buaidh le Comunn Gaelig a' bhaile so. Cha'n fhad gus am faic agus gus an cluinn iad an dian-dheasbair foghlumte sin an t-Olladh Waddell a' cur smùid ri luchd-aicheadh Oisein, agus a' dearbhadh le iomadh còmhachadh, soilleir gun robh Mac-Mhuirich co eu-comasach air Oisean a dhealbhadh, ri balachan 'san Oilthigh rìoghail againn fein, chum dhin Homer an Gréugach, no Virgil am Feudailteach a chur an altaibh a' cheile. Deich mìle beannachd uig na Goill Blackie, Shairp, agus Waddell, oir aca-san fa leth tha cridhe Gaidhealach ann an cochuill Gallda.

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, in proposing "Highland Education," effectively applied arguments with which the readers of this Magazine are already acquainted, and concluded:—That it was shown convincingly that Gaelic literature was a study fitted to impart a natural culture to the Highlands, and that the Gaelic language, properly used, was an important auxiliary to the teaching of English. The Gaelic Society of Inverness had long felt the force of these and similar considerations, and had petitioned the Government to allow the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. But the Society's efforts had hitherto been fruitless, because though agreed in principle they were not agreed on details. Generally speaking, Highland teachers would say it was preferable that children should be taught to read English before Gaelic were introduced at all, but though so far united, they were not at one as to the position Gaelic should occupy in the schedule of results for which payment was to be made. Room for still wider differences of opinion lay, however, in the question whether after all elementary instruction should not always be commenced in the mother tongue. The system of teaching in State-aided schools had been modelled for the use of English speaking children; it had been most carefully elaborated for its purpose, and was acknowledged to be in every way excellent. Yet neither under this system nor under the system in use in the secondary schools of this country was it nowadays ever attempted to give precedence in the order of teaching to a foreign language over the vernacular, unless the vernacular were Gaelic. It was impossible to believe there was anything in the nature of Gaelic to justify this special treatment, and his own observations had led him to the conclusion that the common system of teaching nothing but English to children who knew nothing but Gaelic produced very miserable results. It must be borne in mind that these purely Gaelic speaking children were to be found chiefly in the Islands and West Highlands. Poorly fed and poorly clad, living in an inhospitable climate, often at a considerable distance from school, very regular attendance could not be expected from them till they attained an age and strength when too frequently their services were needed to aid in the maintenance of the family. Such children seldom got far enough advanced to retain what they had learnt at school. They did not understand the English they pretended to read, and they could not read the Gaelic they might have understood, and were of course unable to express themselves in writing in any language whatever. It seemed to him that if their education was commenced in their own language, their intelligence would be quickened, they would learn more quickly and retain more easily what they learned, and they would feel an interest in their school work, and make some effort to overcome the obstacles to their continuance at school past the prescribed age of 13. Under this system the Highland child would not only receive instruction in its own language, but might be expected to leave school with such a knowledge of English, both colloquial and literary, as would form a good equipment for its life-work. He would impress upon them that it was essential this subject should be thoroughly ventilated on all sides, so as to secure thorough unity of opinion and action. They must carry with them the Highland teachers and the Highland people, and if they could only do this, he did not believe they would have any difficulty in securing the co-operation of the Education Department.

Mr Charles Innes proposed "Professor Blackie and the Celtic Chair" in an excellent speech, which the exigencies of space forbid us to reproduce. We cannot, however, resist

the following problem and its solution :—The question has often been asked, how comes it that the Professor, a Saxon born and bred, takes such an interest in the establishment of this Celtic Chair? There have been many theories broached on the subject. Allow me to tell you mine. In olden times, before our Chief was born, certain little people inhabited these northern lands, called *Sithichean*. Now these little people, out of mere mischief or frolic, occasionally when a fond mother was asleep, changed the little darling by her side, and substituted another and a different child. That, gentlemen, must, I firmly believe, have been the misfortune which overtook our friend soon after his birth. Now that he has been restored to his kith and his kin, and shown the stuff of which he is really made, there is no mistake about his origin or his race, and no one will ever convince me that that man is not a born Celt. Consider the characteristics by which he is distinguished—his enthusiasm, his love of country, his clannishness, his genuineness, his determination, his pluck, his fearlessness; these are characteristics of the Celt, in whom one or other of them are at all times found, while in Blackie the concentrated essence of all is combined.

Mr Innes concluded by proposing that a subscription be made on the spot for the Celtic Chair; and he sent lists, which he had ready, round the table, the result being £53 4s for the fund. While we commend the motive from which this proposal emanated, we question the judiciousness, even for such an excellent object, of taking gentlemen on the hip so suddenly, and without any previous notice. It is quite possible that some of those gentlemen who subscribed would not have attended the dinner had they known it was to cost them guineas instead of shillings; and while we commend the motive and the result, we would warn the Gaelic Society, if they expect gentlemen to attend their dinners, to protect their friends from such an unexpected surprise on future occasions. We are only giving vent here to a feeling strongly expressed by a large number of those present.

Other excellent speeches were delivered, notably those in Gaelic by Colin Chisholm, Captain Chisholm, and the Rev. Mr MacLauchlan.

Literature.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHARLES MACKAY, now for the first time collected complete in One Volume. Frederick Warne & Co., London.

DR Charles Mackay has long been known as a popular poet and song writer. People now-a-days go in ecstasies over the productions of writers whose compositions probably owe their celebrity to their incomprehensible mystification—a kind of inflated gibberish, couched in an Ulster-overcoat sort of style, which looks very imposing from without, but through which it is quite impossible to distinguish or define the leading features and form of what is enclosed within. We have no desire to conceal our unfeigned and sincere dislike to these hazy and unintelligible productions, be they even by a Tennyson or a Browning. The volume before us is of a very different character. Here we have “*Egeria*,” an ambitious poem, shining with a classic lustre, full of thought, feeling, and poetic fancy. We have others of a less ambitious compass, but with noble aims and stately verse, in which the poet keeps up to the nobility of his theme. In his minor pieces and songs Dr Mackay is original throughout, both in his subjects and in his rhythms. It has been well said, “that no poet has written so much so well.” Throughout the whole range of the volume the reader is impressed with the fertility of the poet’s mind, with his pure and graceful fancy, with his high moral sentiments and refined taste. There is no attempt to appear learned, no haziness, no bewildering, unfathomable combinations of meaningless words and phrases. One runs along the page, like the mountain brook bounding

over rock and waterfall, inhaling its healthy teaching without an effort—everything clear to the mind and to the understanding as noon-day. The poet's love of natural scenery stands forth prominently from almost every page, and his appreciation of the manly and domestic virtues gives a pleasing charm and freshness to his clear and simple versification in a manner which can only be exceeded by his own graceful fancy. We have a Highland department in the volume, under the heading, "Highland Gatherings and Legends of the Isles," in which are some very beautiful and simple pieces—"The Dream of Beaully," "The Burn of Abriachan," "Lament of Cona for the Unpeopling of the Highlands," and others. As a matter of course we have all the popular favourites reproduced, such as "Cheer, boys, cheer," "The good time coming," "To the west, to the west, the land of the free," "Lochaber no more," "A man's a man for a' that," "Souls of the children," "Cleon and I," "Clear the way," "Old opinions," and other well-known songs. The volume is neatly got up as one of the Lansdowne Poets' series, neatly printed and illustrated throughout. The portrait of the author is a striking and excellent likeness. We cannot resist reproducing the simple yet beautiful picture of

THE BONNIE BURNIE.

I.

Bonnie runs the burnie down,
Down the benty hill,
Darting, turning, glinting, spurning,
At its own sweet will.
Wandering 'mid the heather bells,
Hiding in the fern,
A creeping, peeping, sweeping, leaping,
Cantie little burn!

II.

Weel I ken the song it sings,
A' the day and night,
Wild and gladly, soft and sadly,
In its fresh delight.
Making music as it flows,
At each twist and turn,
A creeping, peeping, sweeping, leaping,
Cantie little burn!

III.

Would you know its secret thought?
List, and I'll reveal:
Love's a bliss beyond a blessing,
If the heart be leal.
Nothing in the world's so sweet
As Love that meets return,
Sings the peeping, creeping, leaping,
Bonnie little burn.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Professor Blackie's Paper and "Sonnets" on the Outer Hebrides, and the Paper on "Teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools," read by A. Cameron, M.A., at the Aberdeen Congress, will appear in our next. "Sonnets descriptive of the Scenery of Lochawe," by the bard Evan MacColl; and "Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum," by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, received, and will appear in an early number.

BRUGHAICHEAN GHLINN' BRAON.

KEY F.

: R . m Beir mo	f : m : r . d sho - raidh le	l _t : d du - raohd,
: R . m Do	f : s : f . m Rìbh - inn nan	r : m . f dlu - chiabh.
: S . s Ris an	l : l : r . d tric bha mi	l _t : d sug - radh,
: R . m Ann am	l : s . f : m Brughaich - ean Ghlinn -	r : — Braon.

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fhead mi bhi subhach,
Gur e 's beus domh bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,
'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a' chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Anns a' choill' am bi smudan
'S e gu binn a' seinn ciuil duinn,
Cuach a's smeorach 'g ar dusgadh,
A' cuir na smuid diu le faoil'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bhi mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus each ga n-ar sireadh,
Gu 's mu deonach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
Is mo lamh thar do mhuineal,
Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga raithe,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sar a
Thig air airidh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha ea' champar,
'S mi fo chis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na Frainge,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seomraichean glaiste,
Gun cheol, no gun mhaonas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhachaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' abhaist,
A' siubhal nam fasach,
'S a dìreadh nan ard-bheann,
'Gabhail fath air na laoiach.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A' siubhal nan stuc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fudair,
Air mo ghluin anns an fhraoch.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

NOTE.—The above song was composed by William Ross, the Gairloch Bard, and it is printed in Mackenzie's Collection of Ross' Songs; in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry;" and several others. From what we know of the Poet's history, it is clear that the last five verses are spurious, or that Ross was giving expression to the sentiments and experience of another. It is in every respect one of our most popular Gaelic songs, and may be heard sung as heartily at the Broomielaw as among the Highland hills—whose echo resounded in the Poet's ear when he composed and sung it for the first time. I am not aware that the air has hitherto appeared in print.—W. M'K.